

Good Morning 788

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

JOHN ALLEN
concludes his Soccer
series "They Had
Greatness Thrust
Upon Them"

Form said Preston—but not F.C.

BURY F.C. had been having rather a hard time. They had spent money on players, Liverpool and Scotland! Yet would get well together, but somehow goals would not come. Everyone associated with the club became worried as the team slipped lower and lower in the League table, and one director, in an effort to find someone capable of giving a steadying influence to the team, decided to make the journey to Scotland to see if a player was there capable of building up a solid side around him.

This director searched high and low in the land of the thistle. He visited League clubs; went to out-of-the-way places to watch junior sides. In fact, he travelled anywhere and everywhere in search of talent. But it appeared to be of no avail.

One afternoon, sitting in the house of a friend, he was telling him about his journeys when he chanced to glance out of the window. Facing the house was an empty piece of land, and on this several lads were kicking a ball about. It was a tall, well-built youngster who caught the Bury director's eye.

The boy, it was obvious to his trained eye, was every inch a footballer. The way he pulled down a high ball and got it under control bore the stamp of class and showed ability far above the ordinary.

"That's the kind of player I've been looking for," the Bury man told his friend. "Look at his class. I'll try and get him at once."

Hurrying out to the player, the director went up to him and said: "I've been watching you play and think you show promise. How would you like to turn professional for Bury?"

For a moment the big young fellow looked hard at the football club director, then said: "I thought you were kidding at first. I can't play football. Rarely ever kick a ball."

But the Bury man was willing to take a chance, and when the boy, Tom Bradshaw, saw that he was enthusiastic about his play, he gained confidence and said he was willing to take a chance.

And what a great pivot and captain he proved to be for Bury, Liverpool and Scotland! Yet "Tiny" Bradshaw, one of the great names of pre-war football, only had the opportunity to gain fame because a football club director chanced to glance through the window of a house!

It was a chapter of accidents, and the ability of others to see his skill that brought Tom Griffiths, the Aston Villa, Bolton, Everton, Middlesbrough and Wales centre-half into the limelight.

Tom, it should first of all be explained, has for years been considered one of the finest pivots the game has ever known.

Yet, strange as it may seem, bearing in mind Griffiths' displays in this berth, he has never really fancied the centre-half position.

Tom had to take the pivotal position.

He gave a wonderful display, and one report ended with "This boy Griffiths will surely develop into one of the best centre-half backs in football."

Even then Griffiths was not satisfied, and when he left school, joined a local amateur club—as a centre-forward. His goal-scoring deeds with this team made Wrexham F.C. turn their attention towards him.

After Tom had banged home eight in one match, and other clubs began to look at Griffiths, Wrexham came forward with a professional form for him to sign.

This is true. When Griffiths saw the word "PRESTON" very large on the form, in many different places, he thought he must be signing for that club. Actually Preston is the home of the Football League!

With Wrexham he realised his ambition—to become a centre-forward. The long-limbed Welshman, with the powerful shot and great speed, soon began to figure among the goal-scorers, until during the course of a match, Wrexham's centre-half was injured.

At once the captain looked at Tom, and Griffiths knew that the "worst" had happened. He had to again become a pivot.

Once more he gave a wonderful display; so good, in fact, was the Welshman that he held down the position, was soon picked for his country, and put on the road that led him to the position of being the finest pivot in football. But Griffiths always wanted to be a centre-forward.

A similar thing happened with Joe James, Brentford's well-known captain and centre-half.

Joe, who was an inside-right at his Battersea School, did not play football for three years after he left school.

It was by sheer chance, during a lunch-time break, that he was kicking a ball, made out of rolled paper, with some colleagues, when one of the older employees of the firm went up to him and said: "Boy, you're a real footballer. How'd you like to play for Brentford?"

James muttered something about "Not bad," and thought no more about it until he received a letter from Brentford F.C. inviting him to go for a trial.

He asked his foreman if he would give him the day off, and was told: "If you take time off, you lose your job."

Joe was in a tough spot. He helped keep his mother and small brothers, and did not want to put himself out of a job. His mother finally convinced him to take a chance. He did, and was signed.

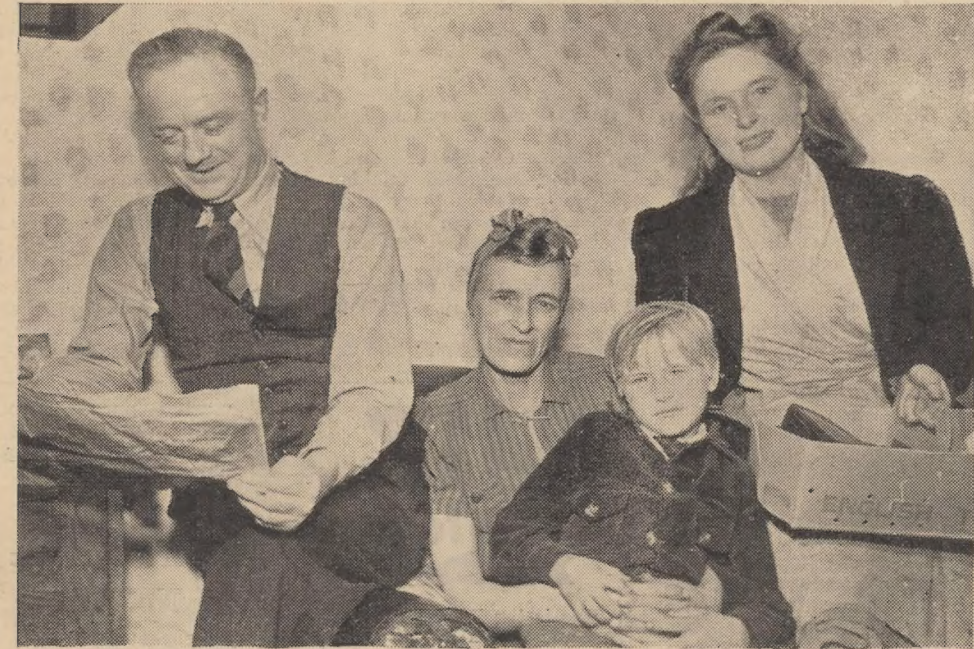
To-day Joe James is known all over the country.



"How does this one suit you, sir? Steering specially designed for those soon to be demobbed from the Navy!"

As a Wrexham schoolboy he scored over 150 goals in one season for his school team, and received something of a shock when he was selected to play at centre-half for the Welsh Schools International side.

He said he did not want to fill this berth, preferring to lead the attack, but when the officials said it was centre-half or nothing,



MARRIAGE QUERY FOR A.B. BILL HAYES

YOU will be pleased to hear, A.B. Bill Hayes, that your wife arrived safely back from Scotland. Your sister came in from work while we were there, and told us she is looking forward to dancing the last waltz with you again.

The day we called at 42 Hurstfield Crescent, Hayes, your mother told us she had occasion to recompense her with two ices for turning out the house and making it tidy. This should put paid to your ideas, anyway, Bill.

Mum would particularly like to know, "Now how do you like married life?"

She also tells you not to forget that she is a "gran" now. Tom has a lovely baby girl, who is going to be called Ann. You can look forward to meeting her, especially if she turns out to be as vivacious as the rest of your clan.

Meanwhile, she still tries to cadge cigarettes from Dad!

In this connection, Dad wants to know when he is going to get his lighter back. That Utility one was a poor exchange.

Until you are able to give it back to him, Dad, Mum, Nellie and "Shimmer"—he seems to prefer Jim, though—send you their love and best wishes and look forward to seeing you soon.



Carole has her Big Day, A.B. Bellchambers

IT was a big day for Carole Ann when she walked down the path from "Matloe's Rest." Through the gate she went, farther and farther away from No. 52, and along Birbeck Avenue.

True, she held tightly on to her mother and grandmother—but at sixteen months it was still Carole's big day. Her next will be when she can show you, P.O. Frank Bellchambers, just how she does it unaided.

The day we called was part of the week of your parents' holiday in Cornwall, and your wife had received postcards from them saying they were having a fine time there.

While they were away, your wife had the job of attending to the chickens, and she said they were playing her up in fine style. Nevertheless the pullets did start to lay, so she must have been doing pretty well with them. Still, she said she would be glad to have them home again.

That, of course, goes for you, too. Both she and they hope to see you home soon.

Your wife looks forward to doing a show with you in London, with perhaps a visit to the Windsor Dive afterwards for your favourite supper. She hopes, also, to fit

in a trip to Southend and to get to know "The Seagull" better.

Mrs. Bellchambers hopes you are still bearing in mind the chest of tea, and that you'll see about it when you get out to the appropriate parts of the world.

She is keeping all your records safely out of the clutching fingers of Carole, with particular regard to the Warsaw Concerto and that other one you are so fond of playing! We wouldn't blame her if she allowed Carole to play all day with that one, but you need have no fear, and when you get home—your wife hopes to have a home of your own by then—you will be able to play it as much as you wish.

Meantime, everyone at "Matloe's Rest" wish you the very best of luck always; and Carole, in the pretty red frock which matches her Mummy's blouse, looks down the path and hopes you will be coming through the gate soon.

Bargain

A GIFT shop run in aid of Navy and Merchant Navy charities at Plymouth raised £3,000.

But one customer at least had a rare bargain. He was an ex-Serviceman who bought three antique plates for 5s. each and afterwards disposed of them for £15.

But she says, "Better luck next time. Thanks for the birthday greetings cable, darling. Let's hope the next one will be spent together."

HELLO TEL. D. GREGORY

YOUR wife had just come home to 54 Armley Lodge Road, Leeds, from the Leeds Meter Co. for her dinner, when our photographer called to see her. She was eating another of those good meals cooked by your mother-in-law. A letter on the table was one of many she receives from you almost each dinner-time.

She had been down to Oxford with your sister, Ann. The children are in the pink, and especially your new-born niece. She also spent a week at Blackpool with "Ginger" and returned with a lovely sun-tan, which, much to her disappointment, is now nearly all gone.

Things are much the same at home. All the folk are fine. But what disappointment she felt when your surprise failed to materialise.



Our address still is:
"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

TWO NIGGER GALS LOVED A SAILOR

"WHILE we were in New York," continued the mate, "the skipper cabled home to say what he had done, and the firm congratulated him and gave him orders to take in a cargo of furs and mail for Alaska."

"It seemed the Eskimos up in Greenland had got their cargoes in the meantime and there was a big rush up in Alaska, which meant that there was a shout for fur clothing."

"We reprovisioned and started out; and this time we had the brig's way of sailing sideways down to a fraction."

"Young Thomson helped work out a method of allowing so many points on the day's run. We came down through the Panama Canal with a fair wind and got out into the Pacific."

"That's a treacherous ocean, gents, a treacherous ocean."

"We intended to run first up to Hawaii and take in stores at Honolulu, but as we were passing the Galapagos the steersman made a slight miscalculation in the course, and the brig bumped on a reef."

"It was nothing much, sir, and we were off by the next tide, and we sailed on for days and nights. At last we saw land and thinking it was Hawaii we made for it quick."

"Oh, gents, what do you think we had struck? One of them islands of the Pacific in the Gilbert bunch."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the tourist, who acted as host. "How did you manage that when you had the brig's peculiarities down to a fraction?"

"Ah, sir, that's what we speak of each other. But it was that bump on the reef at the Galapagos that messed up."

"When the Susan scraped her keel on the coral the shock had knocked the keel on to the true and had destroyed the bias."

"We didn't know this, of course, until we were thrown ashore on the Gilbert Island. I wish we had never seen that island, gents!"

He stopped and covered his face with his hands and shuddered; then suddenly remembered his tankard and took a big drink to cover his emotion.

"The natives, gents, saved most of us and hauled us out of the surf, and those of us who were saved stayed with them for a bit. They was a kindly people, and was ruled by an old dame with a face like a grandfather clock. She had a niece who was much younger and a bit worse-looking."

"We named the old one—the queen, you know—Cocoa Nib, and the princess we called Chocolate Cream. The trouble arose, gents, when both individuals announced that they wished to marry me—me, who had a wife at home!"

"Ah, now for the romance!" whispered one of the lady tourists eagerly. "Which one did you marry, poor man?"

"Well, ma'am, it was this way, I was pretty lucky at the fishing game, and it seems they both thought that if I married them they would have a good time feeding on the fish I caught, for them natives like fish, but don't have much method in catching them."

"Cocoa Nib was big and fat as an ox. Chocolate Cream was not quite so fat, but she was gettin' on, and when they both fell in love with me they would hardly make my choice."

"One of the headmen told me that I had to marry one of them, and he gave me a few days to make my choice."

"I stayed in the grass hut were freely taken and given. The headman came to me again and said that the business was upsetting the people, and he offered to bat one of the dames on the head with his heaviest club then he could poison them. I told him that was too messy. He agreed that it might leave traces, so he put forward another plan to get them out to the lagoon globe from the skipper's cabin and drown them; but I didn't want them washed up on the beach so I rejected that plan also. He was a smart chap, that headman. I noticed that he always wanted to get rid of both of them, and when I asked him his reason he admitted that he would be king if they were out of the way. But in the meantime both old Nib and Chock were pressing for the matrimonial event, and I you've got to marry either the queen or the princess, for once there were some of my mates who would have taken the responsibility off my hands; but when you consent, the suggestion was put to the ladies they both flew into a rage and the suggester had to race for his life. Then an idea came into my

Sad end of the Ship built on a Bias-

"It generally took half a dozen of their subjects to separate them; and all for love of me."

"The Cocoa dame was bent on having me, I'll say that for her, and she meant it, too."

"She used to crawl round to the back of the hut and make goo-goo eyes at me through the matting."

"Young Chock would come round and play on a reed flute fit to send any sane man potty. But I hit on a plan to settle the differences."

"While I was in the hut my mates had been making an examination of the brig and discovered that her keel was all right, and they had floated her out beyond the reef barrier."

"Well, I told the headman, when he came for my answer, that I would marry the girl who came out best in a series of tests of skill. The tests were three in number. First, swimming; second, racing; and third, cooking."

"The whole island was in a ferment when I had made my decision. Bets in cowrie shells attempt to get a decision ended

in a fight among the islanders. The headman came to me again and offered to get all their geography from the missionaries, and the missionaries who had come to that island had then he could poison them. I told him that was too messy. He agreed that it might leave traces, so he put forward another plan to get them out to the lagoon globe from the skipper's cabin and drown them; but I didn't want them washed up on the beach so I rejected that plan also. He was a smart chap, that headman. I noticed that he always wanted to get rid of both of them, and when I asked him his reason he admitted that he would be king if they were out of the way. But in the meantime both old Nib and Chock were pressing for the matrimonial event, and I you've got to marry either the queen or the princess, for once there were some of my mates who would have taken the responsibility off my hands; but when you consent, the suggestion was put to the ladies they both flew into a rage and the suggester had to race for his life. Then an idea came into my

"He said there was little danger. It could be done any night. But I wouldn't have it. I stuck to my tests."

"Well, gents, the events were a great treat. The coco-trees were the grandstands, and every one was crowded by natives roaring for his or her favourite to go in and win."

"The first event took place in the lagoon, and old Nib won easily."

"I learned afterwards that she had nearly choked the life out of Chocolate Cream under water as they dived off."

"The race was about three hundred yards, and the tide rose on the beach when old Nib entered the water. However, she won, and in front of her subjects she made eyes at me until I felt ashamed."

"The second event was won by Chocolate Cream, for old Nib hadn't a chance. It was a long race—half round the island. Both were pretty exhausted when they ended, and it took several days for the queen to recover her breath."

"The third event—the cookery test—was a swell affair. 'I didn't know until it was half-way through that they were cooking a missionary who had been borrowed for the purpose from a neighbouring isle.'

"I regret to say that nobody won this event, for both dames cooked on the same recipe, and their followers could not decide which had done the better. The decision. Bets in cowrie shells attempt to get a decision ended

head that pleased everybody concerned. Them natives, you know, came to me again and offered to get all their geography from the missionaries, and the missionaries who had come to that island had then he could poison them. I told him that was too messy. He agreed that it might leave traces, so he put forward another plan to get them out to the lagoon globe from the skipper's cabin and drown them; but I didn't want them washed up on the beach so I rejected that plan also. He was a smart chap, that headman. I noticed that he always wanted to get rid of both of them, and when I asked him his reason he admitted that he would be king if they were out of the way. But in the meantime both old Nib and Chock were pressing for the matrimonial event, and I you've got to marry either the queen or the princess, for once there were some of my mates who would have taken the responsibility off my hands; but when you consent, the suggestion was put to the ladies they both flew into a rage and the suggester had to race for his life. Then an idea came into my

"I happened to have a small globe from the skipper's cabin and I didn't beside me, as he and I were working out our position when the headman came in, and he asked what the globe was for."

"I told him it represented the world, and he rubbed his chin and remarked that it was a pity the missionaries had been stewed for making a statement which evidently was true after all."

"If it is true," he said, "then I you've got to marry either the queen or the princess, for once there were some of my mates who would have taken the responsibility off my hands; but when you consent, the suggestion was put to the ladies they both flew into a rage and the suggester had to race for his life. Then an idea came into my

"That remark put the great idea into my head, and then there I told him of the final test of their love which should be made."

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

- For what purpose would you consult "Hansard"?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—
3/16, 5/8, 2/5, 3/4, 5/16, 3/8

Answers to Quiz in No. 787

- Who is the Patron Saint of Wales, and when is his feast day?
- Complete the pairs: Sodor and —; Bath and —.
- Of what European country is Helsinki the capital?
- How many boroughs are there in London?
- St. George; April 23.
- Castle; Cromarty.
- Caterpillar, Ladybird, Dragonfly.
- Chile.
- To find the name, church, or address of a clergyman.
- St. Catherine was a woman; others were men.



Know what
You're up
against!
says
JACK GREENALL

THE BUG.

THE Bug is the common name for things best not mentioned where they dress for dinner and refer to the potted meat as "foie gras"!

They are oval, flat, mahogany pests, with no wings and a thirst for blood. They come—and let us know it—as Cimex lectularius, the bed-bug of Europe, and Cimex rotundus, the bed-bug of the East.

They are lovers of night life—they are!—all within reach sit by the window hollering for the dawn!

By days the cowards hide in crevices and cracks in the floor where nothing short of blowing up the joist, can get at 'em. Poking at 'em with a stick is no use. Ten to one they'll grab the stick and poke back.

The European bed-bug is said to have been imported from America.

If the Americans have a wish to import him back let 'em just say the word. We'll sure be big-hearted about it!

The bug gets his name from the old-English word "bugge," meaning a night spectre, reckoned, I suppose, once he'd got his hooks on you you hadn't the ghost of a chance!

The Wheel bug is said to possess electric powers. Shocked?

Some bugs live on bats. Life could get by nicely if the whole clan of bugs lived on bats. Something tells me the bats could stand up to it too!

We're well on the way to out-guessing the bed-bug. His turn will come! He'd pack up his antics right now, I'll bet, if he knew what we did to the louse!

A small boy went to the dairy for the usual morning milk.

"Haven't got any this morning, Georgie."

"Why?" asked Georgie.

"Because the cow's got 'tuberculosis,'" said the farmer's wife.

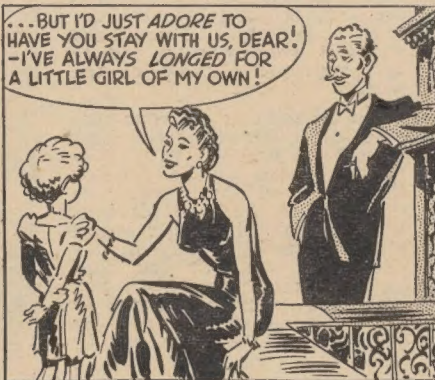
Back ran Georgie. "Mother," he cried.

"there ain't no milk this morning, because the cow's got two little 'osses!"

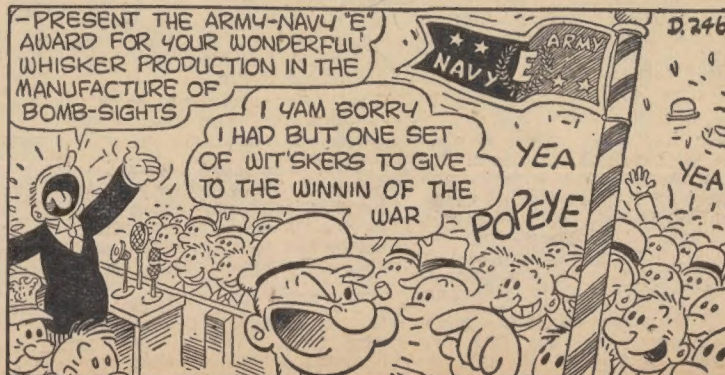
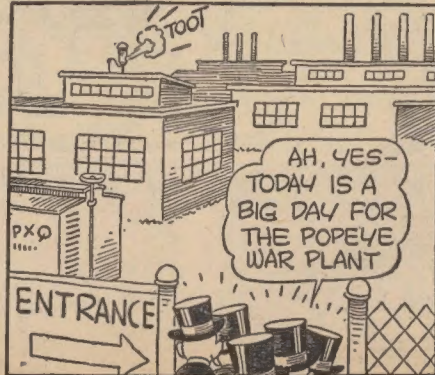
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 726

- 1. Behead nothing and get anything.
- 2. Insert the same letter eight times and make sense of: retherenybansinthendmsns?
- 3. What two greasy substances can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Those two old — are said to be witches, and they smoke — tobacco in pipes.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 725

- 1. S-hop.
- 2. When the weather's wet, write or wire me.
- 3. VIVIAN (or VIVYAN, etc.).
- 4. Hacks, shack.

JANE

TWO NIGGER GALS LOVED A SAILOR

(Continued from Page 2) they started. We said good-bye on the beach. Both of the ladies wanted to give me a keepsake to remember them by—"He put his hand in his pocket and drew out a pair of bracelets. One of them was burnished like gold, with a snake's head and green eyes. The other was plain white bone, like ivory. "And they gave me these. The gold one belonged to the queen. The princess owned the other. The queen, who was a fine paddler, cabin and traced the line they were to take. One was to go east, and the other west, and they would go east. "We gave 'em a good send-off, for 'em and burn beacons to guide to eat on the way. It blew hard 'em in. Never having been out that night. "A week later we had the it was easy, and to give 'em a rest Sidling Susan ready for sea, I said they could take an islander her keel straight, and everything each to help in the paddling when ship-shape." He laid the bracelets down on the table and coughed. "These are night."

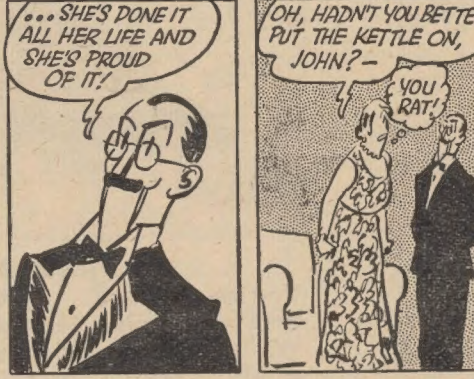
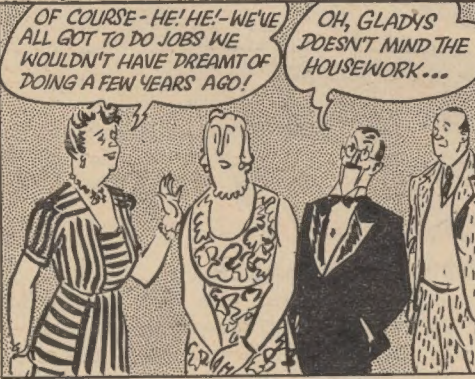
"I left my address with him so that he could acquaint me with the result. I haven't heard, but I'm hoping. "We got away on the Sidling Susan, and sold our furs in Alaska. It was when we were homeward bound that we called in here for shelter one wild night and the ship struck the barrier reef out there and sank. I was the only one saved." The siren of the mailboat rent the air, screaming a signal to the passengers to come aboard. The tourists rose and nodded pleasantly as they departed. They were some distance off when the man in the weather-beaten suit got up from the table and approached the bar. "I think," he said quietly, "I'll try Santiago next. I've only got another dozen or two of them bracelets to work off. "The Birmingham firm I buy 'em from charges me five dollars a gross. I'll write 'em and order some more if they'll make it four dollars fifty. "The season's about closed in Havana, so I'll be off to Santiago on the other side of the island. A lot more mail-boats call there." He drained a glass of liquid refreshment, threw down the price of it on the counter, and walked out in the sunlight, still with that wistful expression on his face. And Dan'l O'Rourke, owner of the Farewell Saloon, leaned his arms on his bar and surveyed his customers with a knowing eye. THE END

ALEX CRACK

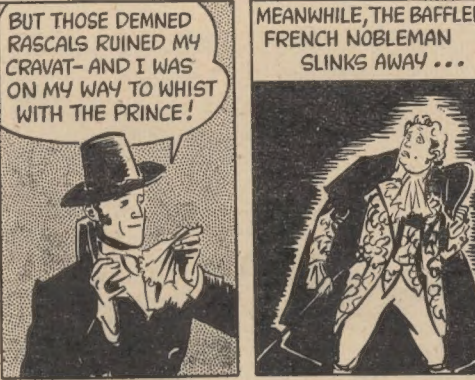
Dunn was a devout Roman Catholic, but he could joke on his religion as well as any other, within bounds. It is related that he was asked what was the most pleasant work he had ever done. "Pulling down a Protestant church and getting paid for it," was his answer.



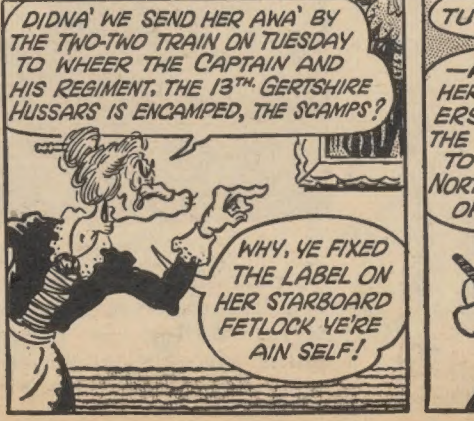
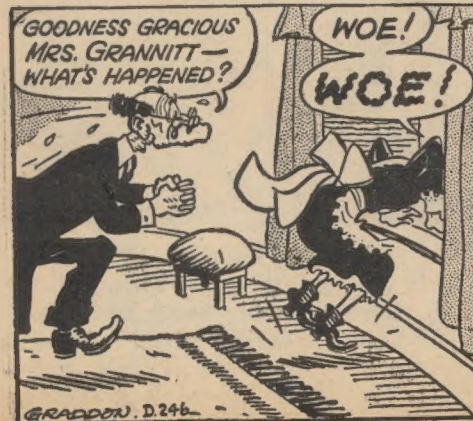
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Theory

You can still be fined 100 dollars for teaching that Man is descended from an inferior order of animals in Tennessee, as the notorious Scopes trial in 1925 demonstrated. But if the descent and evolution of Man is not demonstrable as truth, it provides a working hypothesis which has no effective rival, in the words of a famous scientist.

We cannot prove that not only Man and apes, but all organisms, living or extinct, have arisen from remote common ancestors by a process of evolution. But a great deal in anatomy, biology, embryology and geology cannot be explained by any other theory.

Heard This Before?

One Friday, George counted his wages and found he had been paid ten shillings too much, and complimented himself on his good fortune.

The next week he found his pay ten shillings too little; he immediately went to the cashier and told him of his mistake.

"Why didn't you tell me about the mistake last week when I paid you ten shillings too much?" asked the cashier.

"Well," replied George, "I didn't mind you making a mistake once, but when it happens twice, I think that it's about time you were told about it."

CROSS-WORD CORNER

ADMIT FLAIR
ZOO RURAL E
UNDUE AMISS
R ENEMY BUT
ELLA AERIES
A PRIDE O
BUTTON ANEW
ORE BELLE E
LANCE AMEND
U SORRY DIG
SPENT STYLE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
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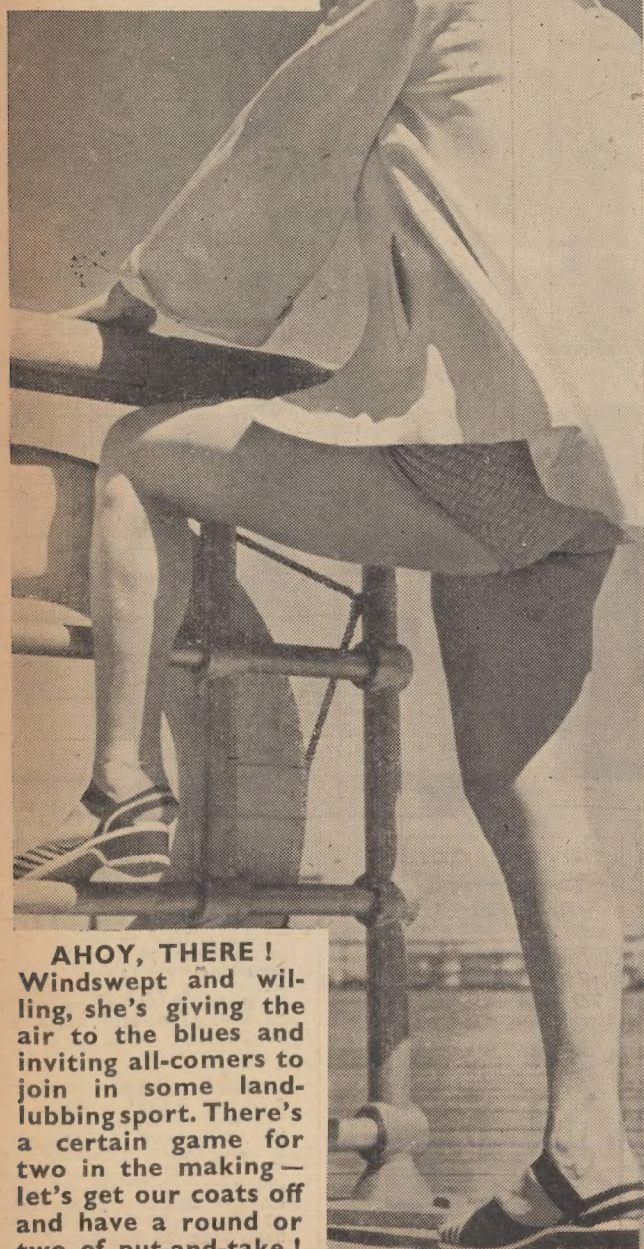
CLUES ACROSS.—1 Ungainly motion. 5 Minor shoots. 9 Prodigal. 10 Musical efforts. 12 Region. 13 Metrical foot. 15 Attractive. 16 Weight. 17 Soldier's cap. 19 Thin stem. 22 Occasion only. 24 Scots land-owners. 26 Wood. 28 Tidy-up. 30 Part of E. Africa. 32 Every. 34 Rod. 35 Go after. 36 Jeers. 37 Essay.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Blemish. 2 Lasso. 3 Cooking device. 4 Musical instrument. 5 Have an idea. 6 Doctrine. 7 Ugly sprite. 8 Twisted wool. 11 Result. 14 Meeting items. 18 Placard. 19 Old flagon. 20 Potash. 21 Considerate. 23 Agree. 25 Harvests. 27 Eager. 29 Direction. 31 Scots beak. 33 Hailing cry.

Good Morning



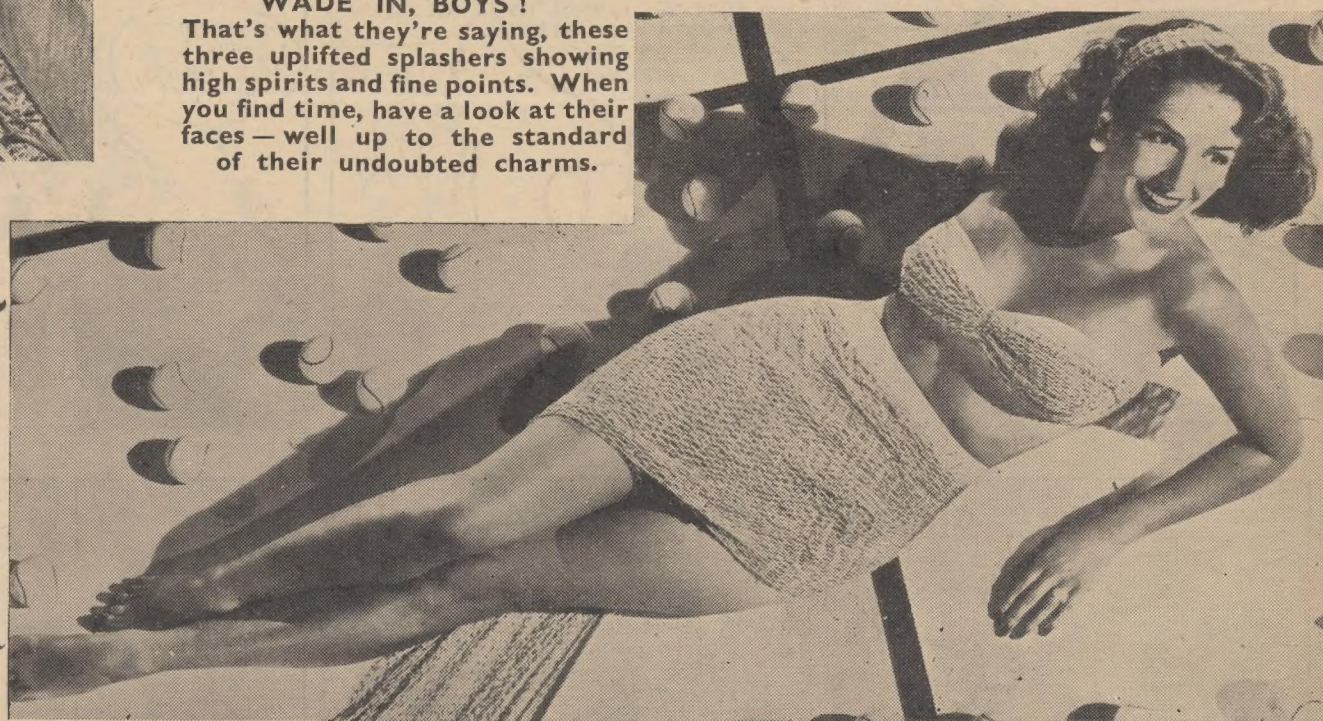
ON THE BOTTLE.
Five-year-old shepherdess Olive Barham gives a lucky black sheep a swig from the bottle, while her father, champion shearer of Suffolk, gets astride a wool-yielder in true prize-winning style.



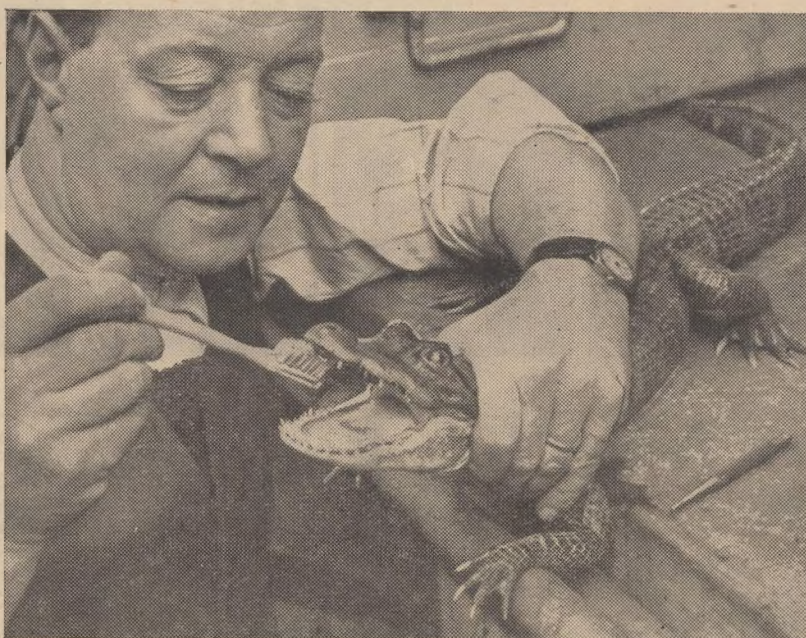
AHOY, THERE!
Windswept and willing, she's giving the air to the blues and inviting all-comers to join in some land-lubbing sport. There's a certain game for two in the making — let's get our coats off and have a round or two of put-and-take!



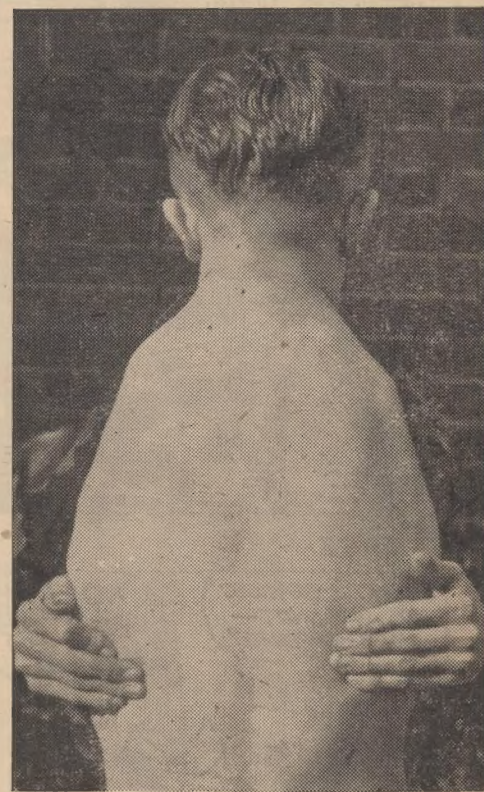
WADE IN, BOYS!
That's what they're saying, these three uplifted splashers showing high spirits and fine points. When you find time, have a look at their faces — well up to the standard of their undoubted charms.



JINX AMONG THE BALLS.
You're supposed to get your balls over the net, but with that maddening beauty, Jinx Falkenburg, wrapped up in it — Well, what would you do, chum? A drive into the net would make it "love-all" — a fair call in tennis or anything else.



SCRUB FOR A REPTILE.
Something new in the Zoo line, this. The laughing alligator is a 70-toothed demon, and bit the end of the hose when they were washing him down. His wary keeper is brushing his gums with antiseptic, and if he lets go of the neck he'll find that baby 'gators aren't faddy about fingers!



WHO'S DOING WHAT?
It's your guess. Is he falling in love? Is there another head somewhere? Are they frisking him? Or what? Answer — most surprising, too — in "G.M." No. 789. It's a date!